Come, shall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richad Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarts curse if falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

Riu. Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,
Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name say, when is this rayall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I gueese a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble *Duke*? (his mind.

Bi. Why you my L: me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neare in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I presume he will take in good part.

Bish. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe,

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. and cousens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a sleepe, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. *Hastings* had now pronounst you part:
I meane your voyce for crowning of the King.

Glo. Then my L. *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Bish. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And findes the testy gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie. (berries.

Bish. Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue sent for these straw-

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo